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# Divine Emblems:

O R,

## Temporal Things Spiritulized.

Fitted for the Use of BOYS  
and GIRLS.

Adorn'd with Cuts suitable to every SUBJECT.

The NINTH EDITION, with large Additions.

By JOHN BUNTAN.



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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

Courteous Reader,

**T**HE Title Page will shew, if there thou look,  
*Who are the proper Subjects of this Book.*  
 They're Boys and Girls, of all Sorts and Degrees,  
 From those of Age, to Children on the Knees.  
 Thus comprehensive am I in my Notions,  
 They tempt me to it by their childish Motions.  
 We now have Boys with Beards, and Girls that be  
 Big as old Women, wanting Gravity.

Then do not blame me, 'cause I thus describe 'em;  
 Flatter I may not, lest thereby I bribe them  
 To have a better Judgment of themselves,  
 Than wise Men have of Babies on the Shelves.  
 Their antick Tricks, fantastick Modes, and Way,  
 Shew they like very Boys and Girls do play  
 With all the frantick Fopp'ries of this Age,  
 And that in open view, as on a Stage;  
 Our bearded Men do act like beardless Boys,  
 Our Women please themselves with childish Toys.

Our Ministers long time by Word and Pen  
 Dealt with them, counting them not Boys, but Men :

Thunderbolts they shot at them, and their Toys,  
 But hit them not, 'cause they were Girls and Boys.  
 The better charg'd, the wider still they shot,  
 Or else so high, these Dwarfs they touched not.  
 Instead of Men, they found them Girls and Boys,  
 Addict to nothing as to childish Toys.

Wherefore good Reader, that I save them may,  
 I now with them, the very Dottril play.  
 And since at Gravity they make a Tush,  
 My very Beard I cast behind the Bush.  
 And like a Fool stand fing'ring of their Toys,  
 And all to shew them they are Girls and Boys.

Nor do I blush, altho' I think some may  
 Call me a Baby, 'cause I with them play :  
 I do't to shew them how each Fingle-fangle,  
 On which they doating are, their Souls entangle,  
 As with a Web, a Trap, a Gimm, or Snare :  
 And will destroy them, have they not a Care.

Paul seem'd to play the Fool, that he might gain  
 Those that were Fools indeed, if not in Grain :  
 And did it by their Things, that they might know  
 Their Emptiness, and might be brought unto  
 What would them save from Sin and Vanity ;  
 A noble Act, and full of Honesty.

Yet he, nor I would like them be in Vice,  
 While by their Play-things, I would them entice,  
 To mount their Thoughts from what are childish  
 Toys,

To Heaven, for that's prepar'd for Girls and Boys.  
 Nor do I so confine myself to these,  
 As to shun graver Things, I seek to please

Those

*Those more compos'd with better Things than Toys ;  
Tho' thus I would be catching Girls and Boys.*

*Wherefore if Men have now a mind to look,  
Perhaps their graver Fancies may be took  
With what is here, tho' but in homely Rhimes ;  
But he, who pleases all, must rise betimes.  
Some, I perswade me, will be finding Fault,  
Concluding, here I trip, and there I halt ;  
No doubt some could those groveling Notions raise  
By fine spun Terms, that challenge might the Bays.  
But should all Men be forc'd to lay aside  
Their Brains, that cannot regulate the Tide ;  
By this or that Man's Fancy, we should have  
The Wise, unto the Fool, become a Slave.  
What tho' my Text seems mean, my Morals be  
Grave, as if fetcht from a sublimer Tree.  
And if some better handle can a Fly,  
Than some a Text, why should we them deny  
Their making Proof, or good Experiment,  
Of smallest Things, great Mischiefs to prevent ?*

*Wise SOLOMON did Fool to Piss-Ants send,  
To learn true Wisdom, and their Lives to mend.  
Yea, GOD by Swallows, Cuckows, and the As,  
Shews they are Fools who let that Season pass,  
Which he put in their Hand, that to obtain,  
Which is both present and eternal Gain.*

*I think the wiser sort my Rhimes may slight,  
But what care I ! The Foolish will delight  
To read them, and the Foolish GOD has chose ;  
And doth by foolish Things, their Minds compose,*

*And*

*And settle upon that which is Divine:  
Great things, by little ones, are made to shine.*

*I could, were I so pleas'd, use higher Strains,  
And for Applause, on Tenters stretch my Brains;  
But what needs that? the Arrow out of sight,  
Does not the Sleeper, nor the Watchman fright;  
To shoot too high doth but make Children gaze,  
'Tis that which hits the Man, doth him amaze.*

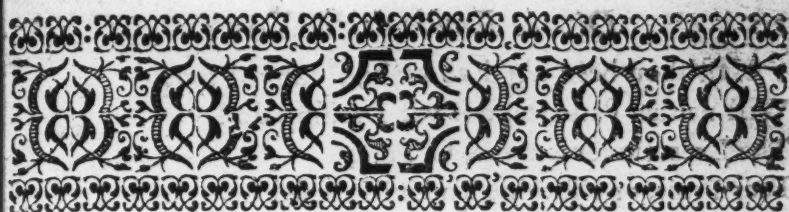
*And for the Inconsiderableness  
Of things, by which I do my Mind express;  
May I by them bring some good Thing to pass;  
As Sampson, with the Jaw-bone of an Ass;  
Or as Brave Shamgar with his Oxe's Goad,  
(Both being things not manly, nor for War in Mode)  
I have my End, tho' I myself expose  
To Scorn; God will have Glory in the Close,*

J. B.

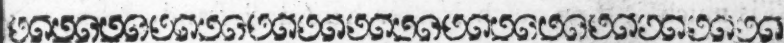


DIVINE





# DIVINE EMBLEMS: Or, Temporal Things Spirituliz'd, &c.



I.

*Upon the barren Fig-tree in God's Vineyard.*

Hat barren here ! in this, so good a Soil ?  
**W** The Sight of this doth make God's heart recoil  
 From giving thee his Blessing ; Barren Tree,  
 Bear Fruit, or else thine End will curst be !

Art thou not Planted by the Water-side ?  
 Know'st not thy Lord by Fruit is Glorified ?  
 The Sentence is, Cut down the barren Tree :  
 Bear Fruit, or else thine End will curst be.

Halt

Hast thou been dig'd about and dinged too,  
Will neither Patience, nor yet Dressing do?  
The Executioner is come, O Tree,  
Bear Fruit, or else thine End will cursed be.

He that about thy Roots takes pains to dig,  
Would, if on thee were found but one good Fig,  
Preserve thee from the Axe: But barren Tree,  
Bear Fruit, or else thy End will cursed be!

The utmost end of Patience is at hand,  
'Tis much if thou much longer here dost stand.  
O Cumber-ground, thou art a barren Tree,  
Bear Fruit or else thy End will cursed be!

Thy Standing nor thy Name will help at all,  
When Fruitful Trees are spared thou must fall.  
The Axe is laid unto thy Roots, O Tree!  
Bear Fruit, or else thy End will cursed be!



## II.

*Upon the Lark and the Fowler.*

**T**Hou simple Bird, what mak'st thou here to play?  
Look, there's the Fowler, prethee come away.

Dost

*Divine Emblems for YOUTH.*

II

Dost not behold the Net? Look, there 'tis spread,  
Venture a little further thou art dead.

Is there not room enough in all the Field  
For thee to play in, but thou needs must yield  
To the Deceitful Glitt'ring of a Glass,  
Plac'd betwixt Nets to bring thy Death to pass?

Bird, if thou art so much for dazling light,  
Look there's the Sun above thee, dart upright?  
Thy nature is to soar up to the Sky,  
Why wilt thou come down to the Nets and die?

Take no heed to the Fowler's tempting Call;  
This Whistle he enchanteth Birds withal.  
Or if thou seest a live Bird in his Net,  
Believe she's there, 'cause thence she cannot get.

Look how he tempteth thee with his Decoy,  
That he may rob thee of thy Life, thy Joy.  
Come, prethee Bird, I prethee come away,  
Why should this Net thee take, when 'scape thou may?

Hadst thou not Wings, or were thy Feathers pull'd,  
Or wast thou blind or fast asleep wer't lull'd;  
The Case would somewhat alter, but for thee,  
Thy Eyes are ope, and thou hast Wings to flee.

Remember that thy Song is in thy Rise,  
Not it thy Fall, Earth's not thy Paradise.  
Keep up aloft then, let thy Circuits be  
Above, where Birds from Fowlers Nets are free.

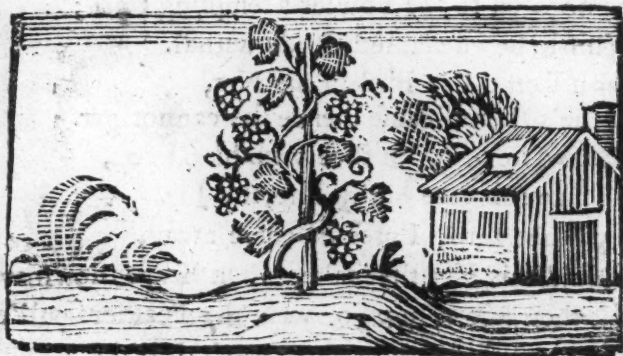
*Comparison.*

This Fowler is an Emblem of the Devil,  
His Nets and Whistle, Figures of all Evil.  
His Glass an Emblem is of sinful Pleasure,  
And his Decoy, of who counts Sin a Treasure.

This

This simple Lark's a Shadow of a Saint,  
Under Allurings, ready now to faint.

This Admonisher a true Teacher is,  
Whose Work's to shew the Soul the Snare and Blis,  
And how it may this Fowler's Net escape,  
And not commit upon it self this Rape.



## III.

*- Upon the Vine-tree.*

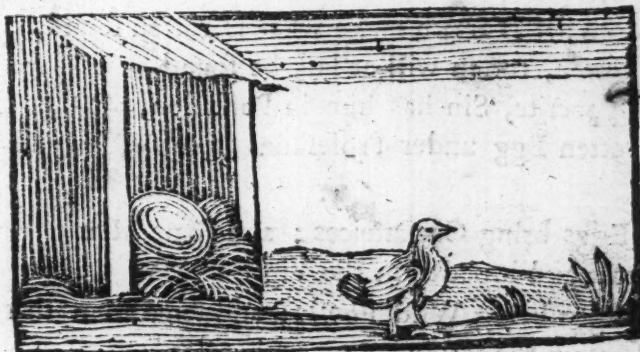
**W**Hat is the Vine, more than another Tree,  
Nay most, than it, more tall, more comely be?  
What Workman thence will take a Beam or Pin,  
To make out which may be delighted in?  
*It's Excellency in its Fruit doth lie:*  
*A fruitless Vine! It is not worth a Fly.*

*Comparison*

What are Professors more than other Men?  
Nothing at all. Nay, there's not one in ten,  
Either for Wealth, or Wit, that may compare,  
In many things, with some that Carnal are.



Good are they, if they mortify their Sin ;  
But without that, they are not worth a Pin.



[IV:

*Meditations upon an Egg.*

I.

**T**HE Egg's no Chick by falling from the Hen ;

Nor Man a Christian, till he's born agen.

The Egg's at first contained in the Shell ;

Men, afore Grace, in Sins and Darknes dwell.

The Egg, when laid, by Warmth is made a Chicken ;

And Christ, by Grace, those dead in Sin doth quicken.

The Egg, when first a Chick, the Shell's its Prison ;

So's Flesh to th' Soul, who yet with Christ is risen.

The Shell doth crack, the Chick doth chirp and peep ;

The Flesh decays, as Men do pray and weep.

The Shell doth break, the Chick's at Liberty ;

The Flesh falls off, the Soul mounts up on high ;

But both do not enjoy the self-same plight ;

The Soul is safe, the Chick now fears the Kite.

2.

But Chicks from rotten Eggs do not proceed ;  
Nor is an Hypocrite a Saint indeed.

The rotten Egg, tho' underneath the Hen,  
If crack'd, stinks, and is loathsome unto Men.

Nor doth her Warmth make what is rotten sound,  
What's rotten, rotten will at last be found.

The Hypocrite, Sin has him in Possession,  
He is a rotten Egg under Profession.

3.

Some Eggs bring Cockatrices ; and some Men  
Seem hatcht and brooded in the Viper's Den.

Some Eggs bring Wild Fowls ; and some Men there be  
As wild as are the wildest Fowels that flee.

Some Eggs bring Spiders ; and some Men appear  
More Venom than the worst of Spiders are.

Some Eggs bring Piss-Ants ; and some seem to me  
As much for Trifles as the Piss-Ants be.

Thus divers Eggs do produce divers Shapes,  
As like some Men as Monkeys are like Apes.

But this is but an Egg, were it a Chick,  
Here had been Legs, and Wings, and Bones to pick.





V.

*Of Fowls flying in the Air.*

**M**ethinks I see a Sight most excellent,  
All sorts of Birds fly in the Firmament :  
Some great, some small, all of a divers kind,  
Mine Eye affecting, pleasant to my Mind.  
Look how they tumble in the wholesom Air,  
Above the World of Worldlings, and their Care.

And as they divers are in Bulk and Hue,  
So are they in their Way of flying too.

So many Birds, so many various Things,  
Tumbling i'th' Element upon their Wings.

*Comparifon.*

These Birds are Emblems of those Men, that shall  
E're long possess the Heavens, their All in All.

They are each of a divers Shape and Kind ;  
To teach, we of all Nations there shall find.

They are some great, some little, as we see ;  
To shew, some great, some small, in Glory be.

Their flying diversly, as we behold ;  
Do shew Saints Joys will there be manifold.

Some glide, some mount, some flutter, and some do,  
In a mixt Way of flying, Glory too.

And all to shew each Saint, to his Content,  
Shall roul and tumble in that Firmament.

\*\*\*\*\*



## VI.

*Upon the Lord's Prayer.*

**O**UR Father which in Heaven art,  
Thy Name be always hollowed ;  
Thy Kingdom come, thy Will be done ;  
Thy Heavenly Path be followed.

By us on Earth, as 'tis with thee,  
We humbly pray ;

And let our Bread us given be

From Day to Day.

Forgive



Forgive our Debts, as we forgive  
Those that to us indebted are :  
Into Temptation lead us not ;  
But save us from the wicked Snare.

The Kingdom's thine, the Power too,  
We thee adore ;  
The Glory also shall be thine  
For evermore.



VII.

*Meditations upon Peep of Day.*

**I** Oft, tho' it be peep of Day, don't know,  
Whether 'tis Night, whether 'tis Day or no.  
I fancy that I see a little Light,  
But cannot yet distinguish Day from Night ;  
I hope, I doubt, yet steady yet I be not,  
I am not at a Point, the Sun I see not.  
Thus 'tis with such, who Grace but now possess,  
They know not yet if they be curst or blest.



## VIII.

*Upon the Flint in the Water.*

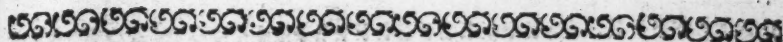
**T**HIS Flint, Time out of mind has there abode,  
Where Chrystal Streams make their continual Road,  
Yet it abides a Flint as much as 'twere,  
Before it touch'd the Water, or came there.

Its hard Obdurateness is not abated,  
'Tis not at all by Water penetrated.  
Though Water hath a softning Vertue in't,  
This Stone it can't dissolve, 'cause 'tis a Flint.

Yea, though it in the Water doth remain,  
It doth its fiery Nature still retain.  
If you oppose it with its Opposite,  
At you, yea, in your Face its Fire 'twill spit.

*Comparison.*

This Flint an Emblem is of those that lie,  
Like Stones under the Word, until they die.  
Its Chrystal Streams hath not their Nature changed,  
They are not from their Lusts by Grace estranged.



IX.

*Upon the Fish in the Water.*

1.

**T**HE Water is the Fish's Element :

Take her from thence, none can her Death prevent,  
And some have said, who have Transgressors been,  
As good not be, as to be kept from Sin.

2.

The Water is the Fish's Element :

Leave her but there, and she is well content.  
So's he, who in the Path of Life doth plod,  
Take all, says he, let me but have my God.

3.

The Water is the Fish's Element :

Her Sportings there to her are excellent.  
So is God's Service unto holy Men,  
They are not in their Element till then.





X.

*Upon the Swallow.*

**T**HIS pretty Bird, Oh ! how she flies and sings !  
 But could she do so if she had not Wings ?  
 Her Wings bespeak my Faith, her Song's my Peace ;  
 When I believe and sing, my Doubtings cease.



XI.





XI.

*Upon the Bee.*

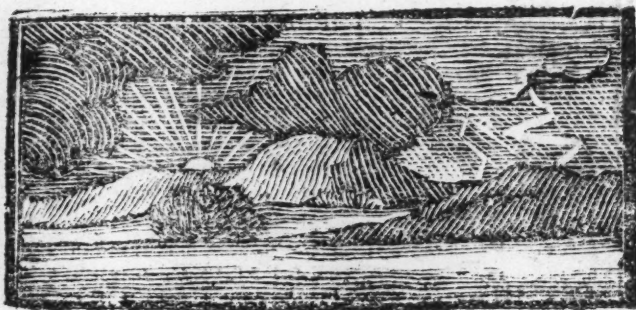
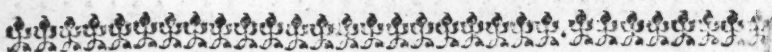
THE Bee goes out, and Honey home doth bring ;  
And some who seek that Honey find a Sting .  
Now would'st thou have the Honey, and be free  
From stinging ; in the first place kill the Bee.

*Comparison.*

This Bee an Emblem truly is of Sin,  
Whose Sweet unto a many, Death hath been.  
Now would'st have sweet from Sin, and yet not die.  
Do thou it in the first place mortify.



XII.



## XII.

*Upon a low'ring Morning.*

WELL, with the Day, I see the Clouds appear ;  
 And mix the Light with Darkneſs every where :  
 This Threatning is to Travellers, that go  
 Long Journies, ſlabby Rain they'll have, or Snow.  
 Elſe while I gaze, the Sun doth with his Beams  
 Belace the Clouds, as 'twere with bloody Streams ;  
 This done, they ſuddenly do watry grow,  
 And weep, and pour their Tears out where they go.

*Comparison.*

Thus 'tis when Goſpel-light doth uſher in  
 To us, both Senſe of Grace, and Senſe of Sin ;  
 Yea when it makes Sin red with Chriſt's Blood,  
 Then we can weep, till weeping does us good.



XIII.

*Upon over much Niceness.*

'TIS much to see how Over-nice some are,  
About the Body and Household Affair :  
While what's of Worth, they slightly pass it by,  
Not doing, or doing it slovenly.

Their House must be well furnisht, be in print ;  
Mean while their Soul lies ley, has no good in't.  
Its outside also they must beautify,  
When in it there's scarce common Honesty.

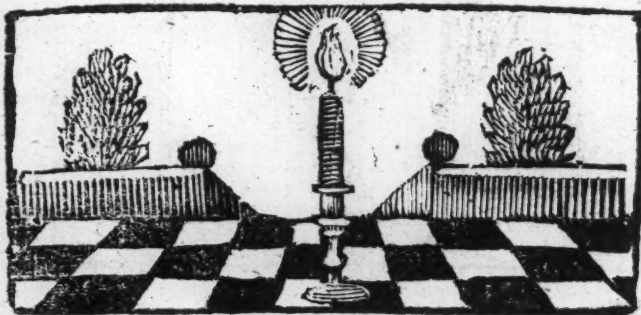
Their Bodies they must have trick'd up, and trim :  
Their inside full of Filth up to the Brim.  
Upon their Cloathes there must not be a Spot,  
But is their Lives more than one common Blot ?

How nice, how coy are some about their Diet,  
That can their crying Souls with Hogs-meat quiet.  
All drest must to an hair be, else 'tis naught,  
While of the living Bread they have no thought.

Thus

Thus for their outside they are clean and nice,  
While their poor inside stinks with Sin and Vice.

\*\*\*\*\*



## XIV.

*Meditations upon a Candle.*

**M**An's like a Candle in a Candlestick,  
Made up of Tallow, and a little Wick ;  
And as the Candle when it is not lighted,  
So is he who is in his Sins benighted.  
Nor can a Man his Soul with Grace inspire,  
More than can Candles set themselves on fire.  
Candles receive their Light from what they are not:  
Men Grace from him, from whom at first they *care not*.  
We manage Candles when they take the Fire ;  
God Men, when He with *Grace* doth them inspire.  
And biggest Candles give the better Light,  
As Grace on biggest Sinners shines most bright.  
The Candle shines to make another see,  
A Saint unto his Neighbour light should be.  
The blinking Candle we do much despise.  
Saints dim of Light are high in no Man's Eyes.

Again,



Again, though it may seem to some, a Riddle,  
We use to light our Candle at the Middle ;  
True Light doth at the Candles end appear,  
And Grace the Heart first reaches by the Ear.  
But 'tis the Wick the Fire doth kindle on,  
As 'tis the Heart that Grace first works upon.  
Thus both do fasten upon what's the Main,  
And so their Life and Vigour do maintain.

The Tallow makes the Wick yield to the Fire,  
And sinful Flesh doth make the Soul desire,  
That Grace may kindle on it, in it burn ;  
So Evil makes the Soul from Evil turn.

But Candles in the Wind are apt to flare ;  
And Christians in a Tempest to despair.  
The Flame also with smoak attended is ;  
And in our holy Lives there's much amiss.

Sometimes a Thief will Candle-light annoy ;  
And Lusts do seek our Graces to destroy.  
What brackish is, will make a Candle sputter ;  
'Twixt Sin and Grace, there's oft a heavy clutter.  
Sometimes the Light burns dim, 'cause of the Snuff,  
Sometimes it is blown quite out with a Puff ;  
But Watchfulness preventeth both these Evils,  
Keeps Candles light, and Grace in sight of Devils.

Nor let not Snuffs nor Puffs make us to doubt ;  
Our Candles may be lighted, though pufft out.

The Candle in the Night doth all excell,  
Nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars then shine so well.  
So is the Christian in our Hemisphere,  
Whose Light shew others how their Course to steer.

When Candles are put out, all's in Confusion ;  
 Where Christians are not, Devils make Intrusion.  
 Then happy are they, who such Candles have,  
 All others dwell in Darkneſs and the Grave.  
 But Candles that do blink within the Socket,  
 And Saints whoſe Eyes are always in their Pocket,  
 Are much alike ; ſuch Candles make us fumble ;  
 And at ſuch Saints, good Men and bad do ſumable.

Good Candles don't offend, except ſore Eyes,  
 Nor hurt, unleſs it be the ſilly Flies :

Thus none like burning Candles in the Night,  
 Nor ought to ſholy living for Delight.

But let us draw towards the Candles end ;  
 The Fire, you ſee, doth Wick and Tallow ſpend ;  
 As Grace Man's Life, until his Glaſs is run,  
 And ſo the Candle and the Man is done.

The Man now lays him down upon his Bed ;  
 The Wick yields up its Fire ; and ſo is dead.  
 The Candle now extinct is, but the Man,  
 By Grace mounts up to Glory, there to ſtand.





XV.

*Upon the Sacraments.*

**T**WO Sacraments I do believe there be,  
 Baptism and the Supper of the Lord :  
 Both Mysteries divine, which do to me,  
 By God's Appointment, Benefit afford :  
 But shall they be my God ? Or shall I have  
 Of them so foul and impious a Thought,  
 To think that from the Curse they can me save ?  
 Bread, Wine, nor Water me no Ransom bought.



XVI.

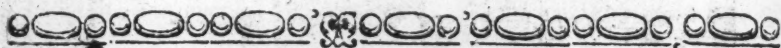
*Upon the Sun's Reflection upon the Clouds in a fair Morning.*

**L**OOK yonder, ah ! Methinks mine Eyes do see,  
 Clouds edg'd with Silver, as fine Garments be !

C 2

They look as if they saw the Golden Face,  
That makes black Clouds most beautiful with Grace.

Unto the Saints sweet Incense or their Prayer,  
These smoaky curdled Clouds I do compare.  
For as these Clouds seem edg'd, or lac'd with Gold,  
Their Prayers return with Blessings manifold.



XVII.

*Upon Apparel.*

**G**OD gave us Cloathes to hide our Nakedness,  
And we by them do it expose to view.  
Our Pride and unclean Minds, to an Excess,  
By our Apparel we to others shew.

XVIII. *The*





XVIII.

*The Sinner and the Spider.*

*Sinner.*

**W**Hat black, what ugly crawling Thing art thou?

*Spider.*

I am a Spider —————

*Sinner.*

A Spider, ay, also a filthy Creature.]

*Spider.*

Not filthy as thy self in Name or Feature;  
My Name intailed is to my Creation;  
My Features from the God of thy Salvation.

*Sinner.*

I am a Man, and in God's Image made,  
I have a Soul shall neither die nor fade:  
God has possessed me with Humane Reason,  
Speak not against me, lest thou speakest Treason.

C 3.

For

For if I am the Image of my Maker,  
Of Slanders laid on me He is Partaker.

*Spider.*

I know thou art a Creature far above me,  
Therefore I shun, I fear, and also love thee.  
But tho' thy God hath made thee such a Creature,  
Thou hast against him often play'd the Traytor.  
Thy Sin has fetch'd thee down : Leave off to boast ;  
Nature thou hast defil'd, God's Image lost.  
Yea thou, thy self a very Beast hast made,  
And art become like Grass, which soon doth fade.  
Thy Soul, thy Reason, yea thy spotless State,  
Sin has subjected to th' most dreadful Fate.  
But I retain my primitive Condition,  
I've all but what I lost by thy Ambition.

*Sinner.*

Thou venom'd Thing, I know not what to call thee ;  
The Dreggs of Nature surely did befall thee ;  
Thou wast made of the Dross, and Scum of all ;  
Man hates thee, doth in Scorn thee *Spider* call.

*Spider.*

My Venom's good for something, 'cause God made it ;  
Thy Sin has spoil'd thy Nature, doth degrade it  
Of humane Vertues ; therefore, tho' I fear thee,  
I will not, tho' I might, despise and jear thee.  
Thou say'st I am the very Dreggs of Nature,  
Thy Sin's the Spawn of Devils, 'tis no Creature,  
Thou say'st Man hates me, 'cause I am a Spider,  
Poor Man, thou at thy God art a Derider ;

My Venom tendeth to my Preservation ;  
Thy Pleasing Follies work out thy Damnation.  
Poor Man, I keep the Rules of my Creation.  
Thy Sin has cast thee headlong from thy Station.  
I hurt no Body willingly ; but thou  
Art a Self-murderer : Thou know'st not how  
To do what good is, no, thou lovest Evil ;  
Thou fly'st God's Law, adherest to the Devil.

*Sinner.*

Ill-shaped Creature, there's Antipathy,  
'Twixt Man and Spiders, 'tis in vain to lie,  
I hate thee, stand off, if thou dost come nigh me,  
I'll crush thee with my Foot ; I do defy thee.

*Spider.*

They are ill-shap'd, who warped are by Sin,  
Antipathy in thee hath long time been  
To God. No marvel then, if me his Creature  
Thou dost defy, pretending Name and Feature.  
But why stand off ? My Presence shall not throng thee,  
'Tis not my Venom, but thy Sin doth wrong thee.

Come, I will teach thee Wisdom, do but hear me,  
I was made for thy Profit, do not fear me.

But if thy God thou wilt not hearken to,  
What can the Swallow, Ant, and Spider do ?  
Yet I will speak, I can but be rejected ;  
Sometimes great Things, by small Means are effected.

Hark then ; tho' Man is noble by Creation,  
He's lapsed now to such Degeneration ;

32 *Divine Emblems for YOUTH.*

Is so besotted, and so careless grown,  
As not to grieve, though he has overthrown  
Himself, and brought to Bondage every thing  
Created, from the Spider to the King.  
This we poor Sensitives do feel and see;  
For subject to the Curse you made us be.  
I read not upon me, neither from me go;  
'Tis Man which has brought all the World to Woe.

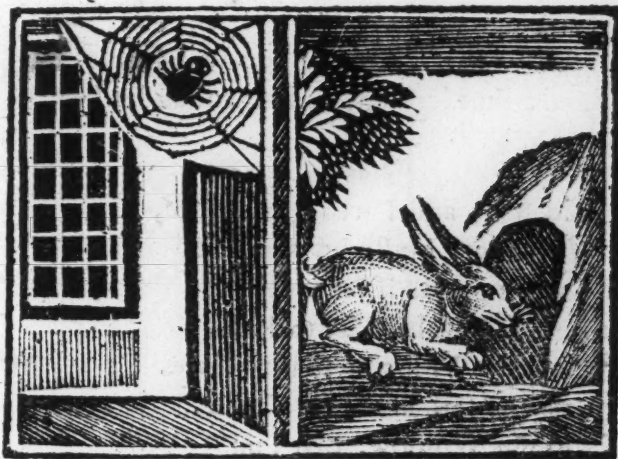
The Law of my Creation bids me teach thee;  
I will not for thy Pride to God, impeach thee.

I spin, I weave, and all to let thee see,  
Thy best Performances but Cob-webs be.  
Thy Glory now is brought to such an Ebb,  
It doth not much excell the Spider's Web.  
My Webs becoming Snares and Traps for Flies,  
Do set the Wiles of Hell before thine Eyes,  
Their tangling Nature is to let thee see,  
Thy Sins (too) of a tangling Nature be.  
My Den, or Hole, for that 'tis bottomless,  
Doth of Damnation shew the Lastingness.  
My lying quiet until the Fly is catcht,  
Shews, secretly Hell hath thy Ruin hatcht.  
In that I on her seize, when she is taken,  
I shew who gathers whom God hath forsaken.  
The Fly lies buzzing in my Web to tell  
Thee, how the Sinners roar and howl in Hell.  
Now since I shew thee all these Mysteries,  
How canst thou hate me; or me Scandalize?



*Sinner.*





*Sinner.*

Well, well, I no more will be a Derider,  
I did not look for such things from a Spider.

*Spider.*

Come, hold thy peace, what I have yet to say,  
If heeded, help thee may another Day.  
Since I an ugly ven'mous Creature be,  
There is some 'semblance 'twixt vile Man and Me.

My wild and heedless Runnings, are like those  
Whose Ways to Ruin do their Souls expose.

Day-light is not my time, I work i'th' Night,  
To shew, they are like me who hate the Light.  
The Maid-sweeps one Web down, I make another,  
To shew how heedless ones Convictions smother.

My Web is no Defence at all to me,  
Nor will false Hopes at Judgment be to thee.

*Sinner.*

*Sinner.*

O Spider I have heard thee, and do wonder,  
A Spider should thus lighten, and thus thunder!

*Spider.*

Do but hold still, and I will let thee see,  
Yet in my Ways more Myſteries there be.  
Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,  
I ſhew to thee a four-fold Way to Hell.

For ſince I ſet my Webs in ſundry places  
I ſhew Men go to Hell in divers Traces.

One I ſet in the Window, that I might  
Shew, ſome go down to Hell with Goſpel-light.

One I ſet in a Corner, as you ſee,  
To ſhew, how ſome in ſecret ſnared be.

Groſs Webs great ſtore I ſet in darkſome places.  
To ſhew, how many ſin with brazen Faces.

Another Web I ſet aloft on high,  
To ſhew there's ſome profeſſing Men muſt die.  
Thus in my Ways, God Wiſdom doth conceal;  
And by my Ways, that Wiſdom doth reveal;

I hide my ſelf, when I for Flies do wait,  
So doth the Devil when he lays his Bait,  
If I do fear the loſing of my Prey,  
I ſtir me, and more Snares upon her lay.  
This Way, and that, her Wings and Legs I tie,  
That ſure as ſhe is caught, ſo ſhe muſt die.  
But if I ſee ſhe's like to get away,  
Then with my Venom, I her Journey ſlay.  
All which my Ways, the Devil imitates  
To catch Men, 'cauſe he their Salvation hates.

*Sinner.*

*Sinner.*

O Spider thou delight'st me with thy Skill,  
I prethee spit this Venom at me still.

*Spider.*

I am a Spider, yet I can possess  
The Palace of a King, where Happiness  
So much abounds. Nor when I do go thither,  
Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whither  
I make my hasty Travels, no not they;  
They let me pass, and I go on my Way.  
I seize the Palace, do with Hands take hold  
Of Doors, of Locks, or Bolts, yea I am bold.

When in, to Clamber up unto the Throne  
And to possess it, as if twere mine own.  
Nor is there any Law forbidding me  
Here to abide, or in this Palace be.

Yea, if I please I do the highest Stories  
Ascend, there sit, and so behold the Glories  
My self is compass'd with, as if I were,  
One of the chiefest Courtiers that be there.

Here Lords and Ladies do come round about me,  
With grave Demeanour: nor do any flout me,  
For this my brave Adventure, no not they;  
They come, they go, but leave me there to stay.

Now, my Reproacher, I do by all this  
Shew how thou may'st possess thy self of Bliss:  
Thou art worse than a Spider, but take hold  
On Christ the Door, thou shalt not be controul'd.

By

36 *Divine Emblems for YOUTH.*

By him do thou the Heavenly Palace enter,  
None er'e will chide thee for thy brave Adventure.

Approach thou then unto the very Throne,  
There speak thy Mind, fear not, the Day's thy own.  
Nor Saint, nor Angel will thee stop or stay,  
But rather tumble Blocks out of the Way.  
My Venom stops not me, let not thy Vice  
Stop thee ; possess thy self of Paradise.

Go on, I say, although thou be a Sinner,  
Learn to be bold in Faith, of me a Spinner.  
This is the way true Glories to possess,  
And to enjoy what no Man can express.

Sometimes I find the Palace door up-lock't,  
And so my Entrance thither has up-blockt.  
But am I daunted ? No, I here and there  
Do feel, and search ; so if any were,  
At any chink or crevice find my way,  
I croud, I press for passage, make no stay :  
And so thro' Difficulty, I attain  
The Palace, yea the Throne where Princes reign.  
I crou'd sometimes, as if I'd burst in sunder ;  
And art thou crush't with striving, do not wonder,  
Some scarce get in, and yet indeed they enter ;  
Knock, for they nothing have, that nothing venture.

Nor will the King himself throw dirt on thee,  
As thou hast cast Reproaches upon me.  
He will not hate thee, O thou foul Backslider !  
As thou didst me, because I am a Spider.

Now; to conclude : since I much Doctrine bring,  
Slight me no more, call me not ugly thing.

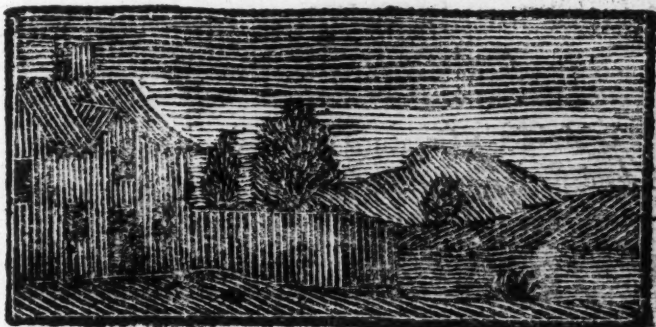


God Wisdom hath unto the *Piss-ant* given,  
And Spiders may teach Men the Way to Heaven.

*Sinner.*

Well my good Spider I my Errors see,  
I was a Fool for railing upon thee.  
Thy Nature, Venom, and thy fearful Hue,  
Both shew what Sinners are, and what they do:  
Thy Way and Works do also darkly tell,  
How some Men go to Heaven, and some to Hell:  
Thou art my Monitor, I am a Fool;  
They may learn, that to Spiders go to School.

\*\*\*\*\*



XIX.

*Meditations upon the Day before the Sun-rising.*

**B**UT all this while, where's he whose Golden Rays  
Drives Night away, and beautifies our Days?

D

Where's

Where's he whose goodly Face doth warm and heal,  
 And shew us what the darksome Night conceal?  
 Where's he that thaws our Ice, drives Cold away?  
 Let's have him, or we care not for the Day.

Thus 'tis with those who Partakers are of Grace,  
 There's nought to them like their Redeemer's Face.



## XX.

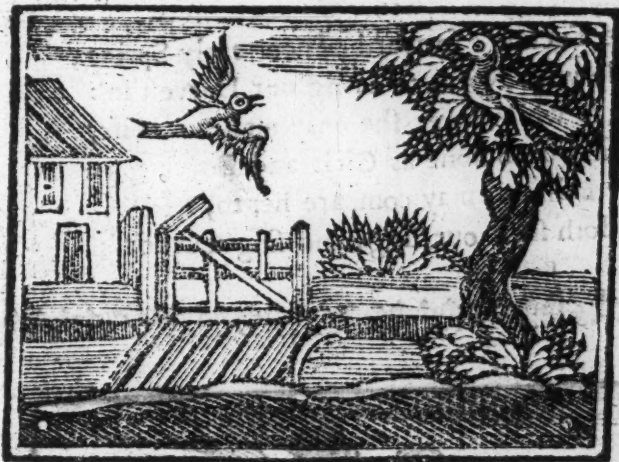
*Of the Mole in the Ground.*

**T**HE Mole's a Creature very smooth and slick,  
 She digs i'th' Dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.  
 So's he who counts this World his greatest Gains,  
 Yet nothing gets but's Labour for his Pains.  
 Earth's the Mole's Element, she can't abide  
 To be above Ground, dirt Heaps are her Pride;  
 And he is like her, who the Worldling plays,  
 He imitates her in her works and ways.

Poor silly Mole, that thou should'st love to be,  
 Where thou, nor Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars can see.

But

But oh! How silly's he, who doth not care  
So he gets Earth, to have of Heaven a share!



XXI.

Of the Cuckoo.

THou Booby, sayst thou nothing but *Cuckoo*?

The *Roben* and the *Wren* can thee out-do.

They to us play, thorough their little Throats,  
Not one, but sundry pretty Notes.

But thou hast Fellows, some like thee can do  
Little but suck our Eggs, and sing Cuckoo.

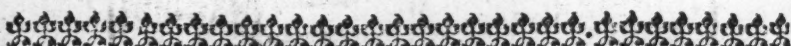
Thy Notes do not *first* welcome in our Spring,  
Nor dost thou its first Tokens to us bring.

Birds less than thee by far, like Prophets, do  
Tell us 'tis coming, tho' not by Cuckoo.

Nor dost thou Summer have away with thee,  
 Though thou a yawling, bawling Cuckoo be.  
 When thou dost cease among us to appear,  
 Then doth our Harvest bravely crown our Year.

But thou hast Fellows, some like thee can do  
 Little but suck our Eggs, and sing Cuckoo.

Since Cuckoo's forward not our early Spring,  
 Nor help with Notes to bring our Harvest in:  
 And since while here, she only makes a noise,  
 So pleasing unto none as Girls and Boys;  
 The Formalist we may compare her to,  
 For he doth suck our Eggs and sing Cuckoo.



## XXII.

*Of the Boy and Butter-Fly.*

**B**Ehold how eager this our little Boy  
 Is of this Butter-Fly, as if all Joy,  
 All Profits, Honours, yea and lasting Pleasures,  
 Were wrapt up in her, or the Richest Treasures,

Found



Found in her, would be bundled up together,  
When all her all is lighter than a Feather.

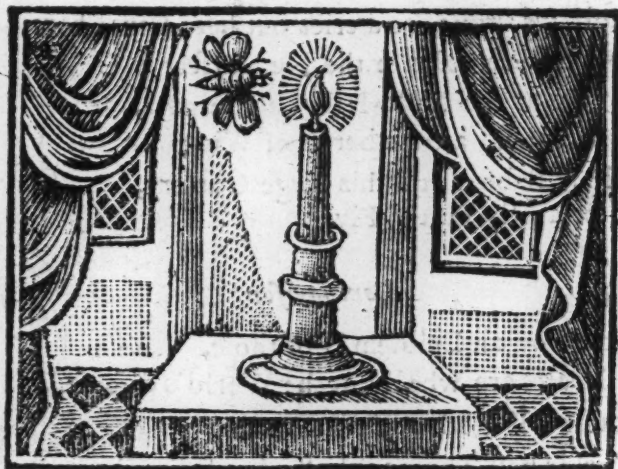
He hollows, runs, and cries out here Boys, here,  
Nor doth he Brambles or the Nettles fear :  
He stumbles at the Mole-Hills, up he gets,  
And runs again, as one bereft of Wits;  
And all his Labour and this large Out-cry,  
Is only for a silly Butter-Fly.

*Comparison.*

This little Boy an Emblem is of those,  
Whose Hearts are wholly at the World's dispose,  
The Butter-Fly doth represent to me,  
The Worlds best Things at best, but fading be.  
All are but painted Nothings and false Joys,  
Like this poor Butter-Fly to these our Boys.

His running thorough Nettles, Thorns and Bryers,  
To gratify his Boyish fond Desires ;  
His tumbling over Mole-hills to attain  
His end, namely, his Butter-Fly to gain ;  
Doth plainly shew, what Hazzards some Men run,  
To get what will be lost as soon as won.  
Men seem in Choice, than Children far more wise,  
Because they run not after Butter-Flies :  
When yet alas ! for what are empty Toys,  
They follow Children, like to beardless Boys!





## XXIII.

*Of the Fly at the Candle.*

**W**Hat ails this Fly, thus desperately to enter  
 A Combat with the Candle? Will she venture  
 To clash at Light? Away thou silly Fly;  
 Thus doing, thou wilt burn thy Wings and die.

But 'tis a Folly her Advice to give,  
 She'll kill the Candle, or she will not live.  
 Slap, says she at it; then she makes Retreat,  
 So wheels about, and doth her blows repeat,

Nor doth the Candle let her quite escape,  
 But give some little Check unto the Ape:  
 Throw up her Heels it doth, so down she falls,  
 Where she lies sprawling, and for Succour calls.

When

When she recovers, up she gets again,  
And at the Candle comes with might and main.  
But now behold, the Candle takes the Fly,  
And holds her, till she doth by burning die.

*Comparison.*

This Candle is an Emblem of that Light,  
Our Gospel gives in this our darksome Night.  
The Fly a lively Picture is of those  
That hate, and do this Gospel light oppose.  
At last the Gospel doth become their Snare,  
Doth them with burning Hands in pieces tear.



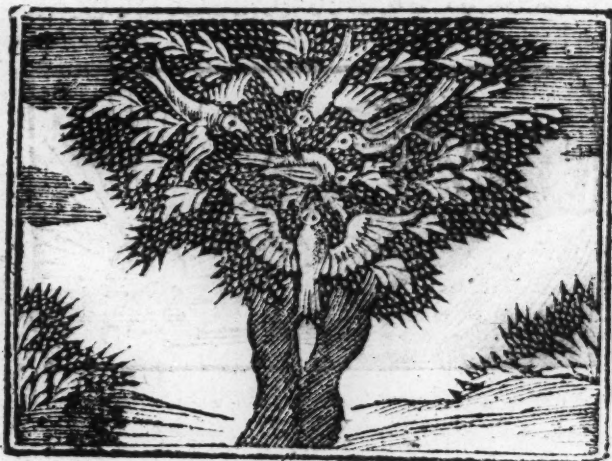
XXIV.

*On the Rising of the Sun.*

**L**OOK, look brave *Sol* doth peep up from beneath,  
Shews us his Golden Face, doth on us breathe;  
He also doth compass us round with Glories,  
Whilst he ascends up to his highest Stories.

Where

Where he his Banner over us displays,  
 And gives us Light to see our Works and Ways.  
 Nor are we now, as at the peep of Light,  
 To question, is it Day, or is it Night ?  
 The Night is gone, the Shadow's fled away :  
 And we now most sure are that 'tis Day.  
 Our Eyes behold it, and our Hearts believe it,  
 Nor can the Wit of Man in this deceive it.  
 And thus it is when Jesus shews his Face,  
 And doth assure us of his Love and Grace.



XXV.

*Upon the promising Fruitfulness of a Tree.*

**A** Comely sight indeed it is to see  
 A world of Blossoms on an Apple-tree :

Yet



Yet far more comely would this Tree appear,  
If all its dainty Blooms young Apples were.  
But how much more might one upon it see,  
If all would hang there till they ripe should be.  
But most of all in Beauty 'twould abound,  
If then none worm-eaten could there be found.

But we, alas! do commonly behold  
Blooms fall apace, if Mornings be but cold.  
They (too) which hang till they young Apples are,  
By blasting Winds and Vermin take despair.  
Store that do hang, while almost ripe, we see  
By blust'ring Winds are shaken from the Tree.  
So that of many, only some there be,  
That grow till they come to Maturity.

• *Comparison.*

This Tree a perfect Emblem is of those  
Which God doth plant, which in his Garden grows.  
It's blasted Blooms are Motions unto Good,  
Which chill Affections do nip in the Bud.

Those little Apples which yet blasted are,  
Shew, some good Purposes, no good Fruits bare.

Those spoil'd by Vermin are to let us see,  
How good Attempts by bad Thoughts ruin'd be.

Those which the Wind blows down, while they are green,  
Shew good Works have by Trial spoiled been.

Those that abide, while ripe upon the Tree,  
Shew, in a good Man, some ripe Fruit will be.

Behold then how abortive some Fruits are,  
Which at the first most promising appear.

The

The Frost, the Wind, the Worm, with time doth shew,  
There flows from much Appearance, Works but few.



## XXVI.

*Upon the Thief.*

**T**HE Thief, when he doth steal, thinks he doth gain ;  
Yet then the greatest Loss he doth sustain.  
Come Thief, tell me thy Gains, but do not falter,  
When summ'd, what comes it to, more than the Halter?  
Perhaps, thou'lt say, the Halter I defy ;  
So thou mayst say, yet by the Halter die.  
Thou'lt say, then there's an End ; no, prethee hold,  
He was no Friend of thine that thee so told.  
Hear thou the Word of God, that will thee tell,  
Without Repentance, Thieves must go to Hell.  
But should it be as thy false Prophet says,  
Yet nought but Loss doth come by Thievish Ways.

All

All honest Men will flee thy Company,  
Thou liv'st a Rogue, and so a Rogue wilt die.  
Innocent Boldness thou hast none at all,  
Thy inward Thoughts do thee a Villain call.

Sometimes when thou ly'st warmly on thy Bed,  
Thou art like one unto the Gallows led.  
Fear as a Constable, breaks in upon thee;  
Thou art as if the Town was up to stone thee.

If Hogs do grunt, or silly Rats do ruffle,  
Thou art in Confernations, think'st a Bustle  
By Men about the Door is made to take thee:  
And all because good Conscience doth forsake thee.

Thy Case is most deplorably so bad;  
Thou shunn'st to think on't, lest thou should'st be mad:  
Thou art beset with Mischiefs ev'ry Way,  
The Gallows groaneth for the ev'ry Day.

Wherefore, I prethee Thief, thy Theft forbare,  
Consult thy Safety, prethee have a Care.  
If once thy Head be got within the Noose,  
Twill be too late a longer Life to chuse.

As to the Penitent thou reade'st of,  
What's that to them who at Repentance scoff.  
Nor is that Grace at thy Command or Pow'r,  
That thou shouldst put it off till the last Hour.

I prethee Thief think on't, and turn betimes;  
Few go to Life who do the Gallows climb.





## XXVII.

*Of the Child with the Bird at the Bush.*

**M**Y little Bird, how canst thou sit,  
And sing amidst so many Thorns?  
Let me but hold upon thee get;  
My Love with Honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;  
Five Farthings none will give for thee.  
But prithee little Bird come forth,  
Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true, it is Sun-shine to Day,  
To Morrow Birds will have a Storm;  
My pretty one, come thou away,  
My Bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to Cold o' Nights,  
When Darkneſs is thy Covering,  
At Days thy Danger's great by Kites,  
How canst thou then sit there and sing?



Thy Food is scarce and scanty too,  
'Tis Worms and Trash which thou dost eat;  
Thy present State I pity do,  
Come I'll provide thee better Meat.

I'll feed thee with white Bread and Milk,  
And Sugar-plumbs, if them thou crave;  
I'll cover thee with finest Silk,  
That from the Cold I may thee save.

My Father's Palace shall be thine,  
Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing;  
My little Bird, if thou'lt be mine,  
The whole Year round shall be thy Spring;

I'll teach thee all the Notes at Court;  
Unthought of Musick thou shalt play;  
And all that thither do resort,  
Shall praise thee for it ev'ry Day.

I'll keep thee safe from Cat and Cur,  
No manner-o' harm shall come to thee;  
Yea, I will be thy Succourer,  
My Bosom shall thy Cabin be.  
But lo, behold, the Bird is gone;  
These Charmings would not make her yield:  
The Child's left at the Bush alone,  
The Bird flies yonder o'er the Field.

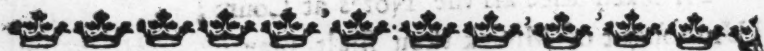
*Comparison.*

This Child of Christ an Emblem is;  
The Bird to Sinners I compare:  
The Thorns are like those Sins of his,  
Which do surround him ev'ry where.

Her Songs, her Food, and Sun-shine Day,  
 An Emblem's of those foolish Toys,  
 Which to Destruction lead the way,  
 The Fruit of worldly, empty Joys.

The Arguments this Child doth chuse,  
 To draw to him a Bird thus wild,  
 Shews Christ familiar Speech doth use,  
 To make to him be reconcil'd.

The Bird in that she takes her Wing,  
 To speed her from him after all :  
 Shews us, vain Man loves any thing,  
 Much better than the Heav'nly Call



## XXVIII.

*Of Moses and his Wife.*

**T**His *Moses* was a fair and comely Man ;  
 His Wife, a swarthy Ethiopian :  
 Nor did his Milk-white Bosom change her Skin,  
 She came out thence as Black as she went in.

Now

## Divine Emblems for YOUTH.

Now *Moses* was a Type of *Moses* Law,  
His Wife likewise of one that never saw  
Another way unto eternal Life;  
There's Myst'ry then, in *Moses* and his Wifa.

The Law is very Holy, Just and Good,  
And to it is espous'd all Flesh and Blood;  
But this its Goodness it cannot bestow,  
On any that are wedded thereunto.

Therefore as *Moses* Wife came swarthy in,  
And went out from him without change of Skin:  
So he that doth the Law for Life adore,  
Shall yet by it be left a Black-a-more.



XXIX.

*Of the Rose-bush.*

**T**His homely Bush doth to mine Eyes expose,  
A very fair, yea comely ruddy Rose,

B 2

This

This Rose doth always bow its head to me,  
 Saying come, pluck me, I thy Rose will be :  
 Yet offer I to gather Rose or Bud,  
 Ten to one but the Bush will have my Blood.

This looks like a Trapan, or a Decoy,  
 To offer, and yet snap, who would enjoy ;  
 Yea, the more eager on't, the more in danger,  
 But he the Master of it, or a Stranger.

Bush, why dost bear a Rose ? If none must have it.  
 Why dost expose it, yet Claw those that crave it ?  
 Art become freakish ? Dost the Wanton Play,  
 Or doth thy testy Humour tend this way ?

*Comparison.*

This Rose God's Son is, with his Ruddy Looks :  
 But what's the Bush ? Whose pricks, like Tenter-hooks,  
 Do scratch and claw the finest Ladies Hands,  
 Or rend her Cloaths, if she too near it stands.

This Bush an emblem is of *Adam's* Race,  
 Of which *Christ* came, when he his Father's Grace  
 Commended to us in his Crimson Blood,  
 While he in Sinners Stead and Nature stood.

Thus *Adam's* Race did bear this dainty Rose,  
 And doth the same to *Adam's* Race expose :  
 But those of *Adam's* Race which at it catch,  
*Adam's* Race will them prick, and claw, and scratch.







XXX.

*Of the going down of the Sun.*

**W**Hat, hast thou run thy Race? Art going down?  
 Thou seemest angry, why dost on us Frown?  
 Yea wrap thy Head with Clouds, and hide thy Face,  
 As threatening to withdraw from us thy Grace?  
 O leave us not! When once thou hid'st thy Head,  
 Our Horizon with Darkness will be spread.  
 Tell's, who hath thee offended? Turn again:  
 Alas! too late, Entreaties are in vain!

*Comparison.*

Our Gospel has had here a Summers Day;  
 But in its Sun-shine we, like Fools, did play.  
 Or else fall out, and with each other wrangle,  
 And did instead of Work, not much but jangle.

And if our Sun seems angry, hides his Face,  
 Shall it go down, shall Night possess this Place?

Let not the Voice of Night-Birds us afflict,  
And of our Mis-spent Summer us convict.



XXXI.

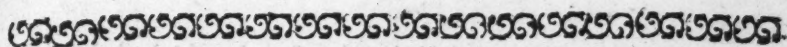
*Upon the Frog.*

**T**He Frog by Nature is both damp and cold,  
Her Mouth is large, her Belly much will hold:  
She sits somewhat ascending, loves to be,  
Croaking in Gardens, tho' unpleasantly.

*Comparison.*

The Hypocrite is like unto this Frog;  
As like as is the Puppy to the Dog.  
He is of Nature Cold, his Mouth is wide,  
To prate, and at true Goodness to deride.  
He mounts his Head, as if he was above  
The World, when yet 'tis that which has his Love.  
And though he seeks in Churches for to croak,  
He neither loveth Jesus, nor his Yoke.

XXXII. *Upon*



XXXII.

*Upon the whipping of a Top.*

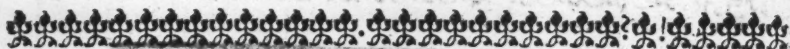
'TIS with the Whip the Boy sets up the Top,  
The Whip makes it run round upon its Toe;  
The Whip makes it hither and thither hop:  
'Tis with the Whip, the Top is made to go.

*Comparison,*

Our Legalist is like unto this Top,  
Without a Whip, he doth not Duty do:  
Let *Moses* whip him, he will skip and hop;  
Forbear to Whip, he'll neither stand nor go.



XXXIII. *Upon*



XXXIII.

*Upon the Pismire.*

**M**UST we unto the Pismire go to School,  
To learn of her, in Summer to provide,  
For Winter next ensuing; Man's a Fool,  
Or silly Ants would not be made his Guide.

But Sluggard, is it not a Shame for thee,  
To be out-done by Pismires? Prethee hear:  
Their Works ( too ) will thy Condemnation be;  
When at the Judgment Sear thou shalt appear.

But since thy God doth bid thee to her go,  
Obey, her Ways consider, and be wise:  
The Pis-ants tell thee will what thou must do,  
And set the Way to Life before thine Eyes.



XXXIII

XXXIV. *Upon*





XXXIV.

*Upon the Beggar.*

**H**E wants, he asks, he pleads his Poverty,  
 They within doors do him an Alms deny,  
 He doth repeat and aggravate his Grief;  
 But they repulse him, give him no Relief.  
 He begs, they say, Be gone; he will not hear,  
 But Coughs, Sighs and make Signs, he still is there,  
 They disregard him, he repeats his Groans;  
 They still say nay, and he himself bemoans.  
 They grow more rugged, they call him Vagrant,  
 He cries the shriller, trumpets out his Want.  
 At last when they perceive he'll take no Nay,  
 An Alms they give him without more delay.

*Comparison.*

This Beggar doth resemble them that pray  
 To God for Mercy, and will take no Nay,

But

But wait, and count that all his hard Gain-says,  
 Are nothing else, but fatherly Delays:  
 Then imitate him, praying Souls, and cry:  
 There's nothing like to Importunity.



XXXV.

*Upon the Horse and his Rider.*

**T**Here's one rides very sagely on the Road,  
 Shewing that he affects the gravest Mode:  
 Another rides Tantivy, or full Trot,  
 To shew much Gravity he matters not.

Lo, here comes one amain, he rides full speed,  
 Hedge, Ditch, or Mirey Bog, he doth not heed.  
 One claws it up Hill without stop or check,  
 Another down, as if he'd break his Neck.

Now ev'ry Horse has his especial Guider:  
 Then by his going you may know the Rider.

*Comparison.*

*Comparison.*

Now let us turn our Horse into a Man,  
His Rider to a Spirit, if we can :  
Then let us by the Methods of the Guider,  
Tell ev'ry Horse how he should know his Rider :

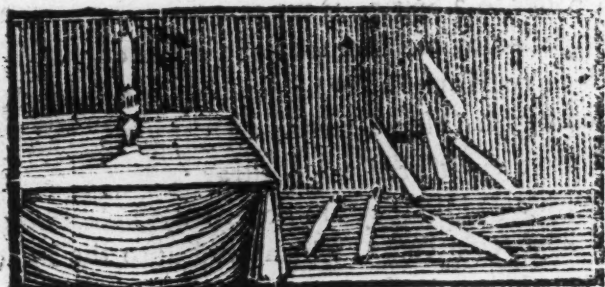
Some go as Men direct in a right way,  
Nor are they suffered to go astray :  
As with a Bridle they are governed,  
And kept from Paths, which lead unto the Dead.

*Now this good Man has his especial Guider ;  
Then by his going let him know his Rider.*  
Some go as if they did not greatly care,  
Whether of Heaven or Hell they should be Heir ;  
The Rein it seems as laid upon their Neck,  
They seem to go their way without a Check.

*Now this Man too has his especial Guider,  
And by his going he may know his Rider.*  
Some again run, as if resolv'd to die,  
Body and Soul to all Eternity.  
Good Counsel they by no means can abide ;  
They'll have their Course, what ever them betide.

*Now these poor Men have their especial Guider ;  
Were they not Fools, they soon might know their Rider.*  
There's one makes head against all Godliness,  
Those ( too ) that do profess it he'll distress :  
He'll taunt and flout, if Goodness doth appear,  
And at its Countenancers mock and jeer.

*Now this Man ( too ) has his especial Guider,  
And by his going he might know his Rider.*



## XXXVI.

*Upon the Sight of a Pound of Candles falling to the Ground*

**B**UT be the Candles down, and scatt'ed too,  
Some lying here, some there? What shall we do?  
Hold, light the Candle there that stands on high,  
It you may find the other Candles by.  
Light that, I say, and so take up the Pound,  
You did let fall, and scatter on the Ground.

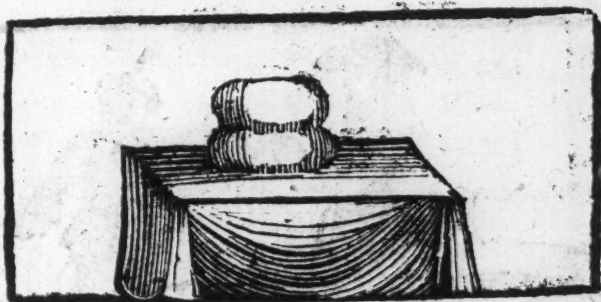
*Comparison.*

The fallen Candles to us intimate,  
The bulk of God's Elect in their laps'd State.  
Their lying scatt'ed in the dark may be,  
To shew by Man's laps'd State his Misery.

The Candle that was taken down and lighted,  
Thereby to find them fallen, and benighted,  
Is Jesus Christ: God by his Light doth gather,  
Who he will save, and be unto a Father.

XXXVII.





XXXVII.

*Upon a Penny Loaf.*

**T**HY Price one Penny is, in time of Plenty;  
 In Famine doubled 'tis from one to twenty,  
 Yea, no Man knows what Price on thee to set,  
 When there is but one Penny Loaf to get.

*Comparison.*

This Loaf's an Emblem of the Word of God,  
 A thing of low Esteem, before the Rod,  
 Of Famine smites the Soul with fear of Death:  
 But then it is our All, our Life, our Breath.



E

XXXVIII. The



## XXXVIII.

*The Boy and Watch-maker.*

**T**His Watch my Father did on me bestow,  
 A Golden one it is, but 'twill not go,  
 Unless it be at an uncertainty,  
 But as good none, as one to tell a Lye.

When 'tis high Day, my hand will stand at nine ;  
 I think there's no Man's Watch so bad as mine.  
 Sometimes 'tis fullen, 'twill not go at all,  
 And yet 'twas never broke, nor had a Fall.

*Watch-maker.*

Your Watch, tho' it be good, through want of skill,  
 May fail to do according to your will.  
 Suppose the Ballance, Wheels and Spring be good,  
 And all things else, unless you understood  
 To manage it, as Watches ought to be,  
Your Watch will still be at Uncertainty.

Come

Come, tell me, do you keep it from the Dust?  
Yea wind it also duly up you must.  
Take heed (too) that you do not strain the string;  
You must be circumspect in ev'ry thing,  
Or else your Watch, were it as good again,  
Would not with time and tide you entertain.

*Comparison.*

This Boy an emblem is of a Convert;  
His Watch of th' work of Grace within his Heart;  
The Watch-maker is Jesus Christ our Lord,  
His Counsel, the Directions of his Word;  
Then Convert, if thy Heart be out of frame,  
Of this Watch-maker learn to mend the same.

Do not lay ope thy Heart to Worldly Dust,  
Nor let thy Graces over-grow with Rust,  
Be oft renew'd in th' Spirit of thy mind,  
Or else uncertain thou thy Watch wilt find.





## XXXIX.

*Upon a Looking-glass.*

**I**N this, see thou thy Beauty, hast thou any ?  
 Or thy Defects, should they be few or many.  
 Thou mayst (too ) here thy Spot and Freckles see,  
 Hast thou but Eyes, and what their Numbers be.  
 But art thou blind, there is no Looking-Glass  
 Can shew thee thy Defects, thy Spots, or Face.

*Comparison.*

Unto this Glass we may compare the Word,  
 For that to Man advantage doth afford,  
 ( Has he a mind to know himself and State ; )  
 To see what will be his Eternal Fate.

But without Eyes, alas ! how can he see ?  
 Many that seem to look here, blind Men be.  
 This is the Reason, they so often read,  
 Their Judgment there, and do it nothing dread.





XL.

*Of the Love of Christ.*

**T**HE love of Christ, poor I ! may touch upon  
But 'tis unsearchable. Oh ! There is none

It's large Dimensions can comprehend,  
Should they dilate thereon, World without end.

When we had sinned, in his Zeal he swore,  
That he upon his back our Sins would bear.

And since unto Sin is entailed Death,  
He vowed, for our Sins he'd lose his Breath,

He did not only say, vow, or resolve,  
But to Astonishment did so involve  
Himself in Man's distress and misery,  
As for, and with him, both to live and die.

To his eternal Fame in sacred Story,  
We find that he did lay aside his Glory,  
Stept from the Throne of highest Dignity ;  
Became poor Man, did in a Manger lie ;  
Yea was beholden upon his for bread,  
Had, of his own, not where to lay his Head.

Tho' rich, he did, for us, become thus poor;  
That he might make us rich for evermore.

Nor was this but the least of what he did;  
But the outside of what he suffered.  
God made his blessed Son under the Law;  
Under the Curse, which, like the Lyon's Paw,  
Did rent and tear his Soul, for Mankind's Sin,  
More than if we for it in Hell had been.  
His Cries, his Tears, and Bloody Agony,  
The Nature of his Death doth testify.

Nor did he of Constraint himself thus give,  
For Sin, to Death, that Man might with him live.  
He did do what he did most willingly,  
He Sung, and gave God Thanks, that he must die.

But do Kings use to die for Captive Slaves?  
Yet we were such, when Jesus dy'd to save's.

Yea, when he made himself a Sacrifice,  
It was that he might save his Enemies.

And, tho' he was provoked to retract,  
His blest Resolves, for such, so good an Act,  
By the abusive Carriages of those,  
That did both him, his Love, and Grace oppose  
Yet he, as unconcerned with such things,  
Goes on, determines to make Captives Kings;  
Yea, many of his Murderers he takes  
Into his Favour, and then Princes makes.

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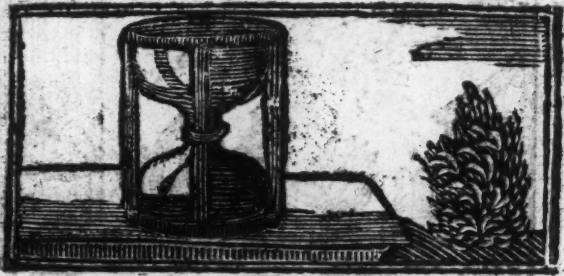


XLI.

*On the Cackling of a Hen,*

**T**HE Hen so soon as she an Egg doth lay,  
 (Spreads the Fame of her doing what she may.)  
 'About the Yard she Cackling now doth go,  
 To tell what 'twas she at her Nest did do.

Just thus it is with some Professing Men,  
 If they do ought that good is, like our Hen,  
 They can't but Cackle on't, where e're they go,  
 What their right Had doth, their left Hand must know.



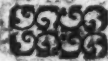
XLII.

*Upon an Hour-Glass.*

**T**HIS Glass when made, was by the Workman's Skill  
The Sum of sixty Minutes to fulfill.

Time more, nor less, by it will out be spun,  
But just an Hour, and then the Glass is run.

Man's Life, we will compare unto this Glass;  
The Number of his Months he cannot pass;  
But when he had accomplished his Day,  
He, like a Vapour, vanisheth away.



XLIII. Upz





XLIII.

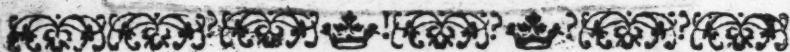
*Upon a Snail.*

**S**HE goes but softly, but she goeth sure,  
 She stumbles not, as stronger Creatures do.  
 Her Journey's shorter, so she may endure,  
 Better than they which do much further go.  
 She makes no Noise, but stillly seizeth on  
 The Flow'r or Herb, appointed for her Food;  
 The which she quietly doth feed upon,  
 While others range, and glare, but find no good.  
 And tho' she doth but very softly go,  
 However 'tis not fast, nor slow, but sure;  
 And certainly they that do Travel so,  
 The prize they do aim at they do procure.  
 Although they seem not much to stir, less go,  
 For Christ that Hunger, or from Wrath, that flee;  
 Yet what they seek for, quickly they come to,  
 Tho' it doth seem the farthest off to be.

One

One Act of Faith doth bring them to that Flow'r  
 They so long for, that they may eat and live;  
 Which to attain is not in others Power,  
 Tho' for it a King's Ransom they would give.

Then let none faint, nor be at all dismay'd  
 That Life by Christ do seek, they shall not fail  
 To have it, let them nothing be afraid;  
 The Herb and Flow'r, is eaten by the Snail.



## XLIV.

*Of the Spouse of Christ.*

**W**Ho's this that cometh from the Wilderness,  
 Like ~~faucy~~ Pillras, thus perfum'd Myrrhe,  
 Leaning upon her dearest in Distress,  
 Led into's Bosom, by the Comforter?

She's Cloathed with the Sun, crown'd with Twelve Stars,  
 The spotted Moon her Footstool she hath made.

The

The Dragon he assaults, fills her with Jars,  
Yet rests she under her beloved's shade.

But whence was she? What is her Pedigree?  
Was not her Father, a poor *Amorite*?  
What was her Mother, but as others be,  
A poor, a wretched and sinfull *Hittite*.

Yea, as for her, the Day that she was born,  
As loathsome, out of Doors they did her cast;  
Naked and Filthy, Stinking and forlorn:  
This was her Pedigree from first to last.

Nor was she pittied in this Estate,  
All let her lie polluted in her Blood:  
None her Condition did Commiserate,  
There was no Heart that sought to do her good.

Yet she unto these Ornaments is come,  
Her Breast are fashion'd, her Hair is grown;  
She is made Heiress of the best Kingdom;  
All her Indignities away are blown.

Cast out she was, but now she Home is taken,  
Naked (sometimes) but now you see she's cloathed;  
Now made the Darling, though before forsaken,  
Bare-foot, but now, as Princes Daughters shod.

Instead of Filth, she now has her Perfumes,  
Instead of Ignominy, her Chains of Gold:  
Instead of what the Beauty most consumes,  
Her Beauty's perfect lovely to behold.

Those that attend, and wait upon her be  
Princesses of Honour, cloath'd in white Array;  
Upon her Head's a Crown of Gold, and she,  
Eats Wheat, Honey and Oil, from Day to Day.

For her beloved, he's the High'st of all,  
 The only Potentate, the King of Kings:  
 Angels, and Men do him *Jehovah* call,  
 And from him Life and Glory always Springs.

He's White and Ruddy, and of all the Chief;  
 His Head, his Locks, his Eyes, his Hands, and Feet,  
 Do for Compleatness outgo all Belief  
 His Cheeks like Flowers are; his Mouth's most sweet.

As for his Wealth he is made Heir of all,  
 What is in Heaven, what is on Earth is his:  
 And he this Lady, his Joynt Heir doth call,  
 Of all that shall be, or at present is.

Well Lady; well, God has been good to thee;  
 Thou of an Out-cast, now art made a Queen.  
 Few or none may with thee compared be:  
 A Beggar made thus high is seldom seen,  
 Take heed of Pride, remember what thou art  
 By Nature, tho' thou hast in Grace a share,  
 Thou in thy self doth yet retain a part  
 Of thine own Filthiness, wherefore beware.







XLV.

*Upon a Skilful Player on an Instrument.*

**H**E that can Play well on an Instrument,  
Will take the Ear, and Captivate the Mind,  
With Mirth, or Sadness: For that it is bent  
Thereto as Musick, in it, place doth find.

But if one hears that hath therein no Skill,  
( As often Musick lights of such a chance )  
Of its brave Notes, they soon be weary will:  
And there are some can neither Sing nor Dance.

*Comparison.*

Unto him that thus skilful doth play,  
God doth compare a Gospel-Minister,  
That rightly preacheth ( and doth Godly pray )  
Applying truly what dorth thence infer.

This Man, whether of Wrath or Grace he Preach,  
So Skilfully doth handle ev'ry Word,

G

And

And by his Saying, doth the Heart so reach,  
That it doth joy or sigh before the Lord.

But some there be, which, as the Brute, doth lie  
Under the Word, without the least advance  
God-ward: Such do despise the Ministry,  
They weep not at it, neither to it Dance.

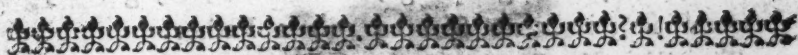


XLVI.

*Of Man by Nature.*

**F**ROM God he's a Back-slider,  
Of Ways, he loves the wider;  
With Wickedness a Spider,  
More Venom than a Spider.  
In Sin he's a Confider,  
A Make-bate and Divider;  
Blind Reason is his Guider,  
The Devil is his Rider.

XLVII. Upon



XLVII.

*Upon the Disobedient Child.*

**C**HILDREN become, while little, our delights,  
 When they grow bigger, they begin to fright's.  
 Their Sinful Nature prompts them to rebel,  
 And to delight in Paths that lead to Hell  
 Their Parents Love, and Care, they overlook,  
 As if Relation had them quite forlook,  
 They take the Counsels of the Wanton rather,  
 Than the most grave Instructions of a Father.  
 They reckon Parents ought to do for them,  
 Tho' they the Fifth Commandment contemn,  
 They snap, and snarle, if Parents them Controul,  
 Tho' but in things most Hurtful to the Soul.  
 They reckon they are Masters, and that we  
 Who Parents are, should to them subject be!  
 If Parents fain would have a Hand in chusing,  
 The Children have a Heart will in refusing.

They'll by wrong doings, under Parents, gather,  
 And say, it is no Sin to rob a Father.  
 They'll jostle Parents out of Place and Pow'r,  
 They'll make themselves the Head, and them devour.  
 How many Children, by becoming Head,  
 Have brought their Parents to a piece of Bread!  
 Thus they who at the first were Parents Joy,  
 Turn that to Bitterness, themselves destroy.

But wretched Child, how can'st thou thus requite  
 Thy Aged Parents, for that great delight  
 They took in thee, when thou, as helpless lay,  
 In their Indulgent Bosoms Day by Day?  
 Thy Mother, long before she brought thee forth,  
 Took care thou should'st want, neither Food nor Cloth.  
 Thy Father glad was at his very Heart,  
 Had he, to thee, a Portion to impart.  
 Comfort they promised themselves in thee,  
 But thou, it seems, to them a Grief wilt be.  
 How oft! How willingly brake they their Sleep,  
 If thou, their Bantling, didst but winch or weep.  
 Their Love to thee was such, they could have giv'n,  
 That thou might'st live, almost their Part of Heav'n.

But now, behold, how they rewarded are!  
 For their Indulgent Love and tender Care,  
 All is forgot, this Love he doth despise,  
 They brought this Bird up to pick out their Eyes.







XLVIII.

*Upon a Sheet of white Paper.*

**T**HIS Subject is unto the foulest Pen,  
Or fairest handled by the Sons of Men.  
'Twill also shew what is upon it writ,  
Be't Wisely, or Non-sence, for want of Wit.  
Each Blot, and Blur, it also will expose,  
To thy next Readers, be they Friends or Poes.

*Comparison.*

Some Souls are like unto this Blank or Sheet,  
(Tho' not in Whiteness :) the next Man they meet,  
If Wise, or Fool, Debauched, or Deluder,  
Or what you will, the dangerous Intruder  
May write thereon, to cause that Man to err,  
In Doctrine, or in Life, with Blot and Blur.

Nor will that Soul conceal from who observes,  
But shew how foul it is, wherein it swerves.

A reading Man may know who was the Writer,  
And by the Hellish Non-sence, the Inditer.

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XLIX.

*Upon Fire.*

**W**HO falls into the Fire shall burn with Heat,  
While those remote scorn from it to retreat,  
Yea while those in it, cry out, Oh! I burn,  
Some farther off, those Cries to Laughter turn.

*Comparison.*

While some tormented are in Hell for Sin;  
On Earth some greatly do delight therein.  
Yea while some make it Eccho with their Cry,  
Others count it a Fable and a Lie.

A Caution



# A Caution to stir up to watch against SIN.



*The first Eight Lines one did commend to me;  
The rest I thought good to commend to thee:  
Reader, in reading be thou rul'd by me,  
With Rhimes nor Lines, but Truths, affected be.*

I.



IN will at first, just like a Beggar  
crave

One Penny or one Half-Penny to  
have

But if you grant its first Suit, 'twill  
aspire,

From Pence to Pounds, and still will mount up higher  
To the whole Soul: but if it makes its moan,  
Then say here is not for you, get you gone.

*For if you give it entrance at the Door,*

*It will come in, and may go out no more.*

SIN

## II.

SIN, rather than 'twill out of Action be,  
 Will pray to stay, though a short space with thee.  
 One Night, one Hour, one Moment, will it cry,  
 Embrace me in thy Bosom or I die:  
 Time to repent (saith it) I will allow,  
 And help, if to repent thou know'st not how.  
*But if you give it entrance at the Door,  
 It will come in, and may go out no more.*

## III.

If Begging doth not do, SIN promise will  
 Rewards to those that shall its Lusts fulfill:  
 Some pence hand, ye Pounds 'twill offer thee,  
 If at its Motion and its Beck thou'l't be.  
 'Twill Heaven seem to out-bid, and all to gain  
 Thy Love, and win thee it to entertain.  
*But give it not admittance at thy Door,  
 Lest it comes in, and so goes out no more.*

## IV.

If promising and begging will not do,  
 'Twill by its Wiles attempt to flatter you.  
 I'm Harmless, mean no Ill, be not so shy,  
 Will ev'ry Soul-destroying motion cry.  
 Its sting 'twill hide, 'twill change its native Hue,  
 Vile 'twill not, but a Beauty seem to you.  
*But if you give it entrance the Door,  
 Its sting will in, and may come out no more!*

Rather



V.

Rather than fail, SIN will it self divide,  
Bid thee do this and lay the rest aside.  
Take little ones ('twill say) throw great ones by,  
(As if for little Sins Men should not die.)  
Yea SIN with it self a Quarrel will maintain,  
On purpose that by it thou might'st be slain.

*Beware the cheat then, keep it out of Door,  
It would come in, and would go out no more.*

VI.

SIN, if you will believe it, will accuse,  
What is not hurtful, and it self excuse:  
'Twill make a Vice of Vertue, and 'twill say  
Good is destructive, doth Mens Souls betray,  
'Twill make a Law, where God has made Man free,  
And break those Laws by which Men bounded be.

*Look to thy self then, keep it out of Door,  
Thee 'twould intangle, and inlarge thy score.*

VII.

SIN, is that beastly thing that will defile  
Soul, Body, Name, and Fame in little while ;  
'Twill make him, who some time God's Image was,  
Look like the Devil, love and plead his Cause ;  
Like to the Plague, Poyson, or Leprosie,  
Defile 'twill, and infect contagiously.

*Wherefore beware ; against it shut the Door  
If not, it will defile the more and more.*

SIN.

## VIII.

SIN, once possessed of the Heart, will play  
 The Tyrant, force its Vassal to obey:  
 'Twill make thee thine own Happiness oppose,  
 And offer open Violence to those  
 That Love thee best; yea make thee to defy  
 The Law and Counsel of the Diety.

*Beware then, keep this Tyrant out of Door,  
 Lest thou be his, and so thy own no more.*

## IX.

SIN, harden can thy Heart against thy God,  
 Make thou abuse his Grace, despise his Rod;  
 'Twill make you run upon the very pikes,  
 Judgments foreseen bring such to no dislikes  
 Of sinful Hazzards; no, they venture shall  
 For one base Lust, their Soul, and Heav'n and all

*Take heed then, hold it, crush it at the Door,  
 It comes to rob thee and to make the Poor,*

## X.

SIN, is a Prison, hath its Bolts, its Chains,  
 Brings into Bondage who it entertains;  
 Hangs Shackels on them, bends them to its Will,  
 Holds them, as *Sampson's* grinding at the Mill,  
 'Twill blind them, make them deaf; yea 'twill them  
 And ride them as the Devil rides his Hagg. (gagg,

*Wherefore look to it, keep it out of Door,  
 If once its Slave, thou may'st be free no more.*

Though

XI.

Though SIN, at first its rage dissemble may,  
 'Twill soon upon thee as a Lyon Prey;  
 'Twill roar 'twill rend, 'twill tare, 'twill kill out-right  
 Its living Death will gnaw thee Day and Night:  
 Thy Pleasures now to Paws, and Teeth it turns,  
 In thee its tickling Lusts, like Brimstone, burns.

*Wherefore beware and keep it out of Door,  
 Lest it should on thee as a Lyon Roar.*

XII.

SIN, will accuse, will stare thee in the Face,  
 Will for its witness quote both Time and Place  
 Where thou it didst commit and so appeal  
 To Conscience, who thy Facts dare not conceal,  
 But on thee as a Judge such Sentence pass,  
 As will to thy Sweet Meats prove bitter Sauce.

*Wherefore beware against it, shut thy Door,  
 Repent what's past, believe and sin no more.*

XIII.

SIN, is the living Worm, the lasting Fire,  
 Hell would soon lose its heat, could SIN expire:  
 Better sinless, in Hell, than to be where  
 Heav'n is, and to be found a Sinner there.  
 One sinless with Infernals might do well,  
 But SIN would make a very Heav'n a Hell.

*Look to thy self then, to keep it out of Door,  
 Lest it gets in, and never leaves thee more,*

## XIV.

No Match has SIN but God in all the World,  
Men, Angels it has from their Stations hurl'd :  
Holds them in Chains, as Captives in despite,  
Of all that here below is called Might.  
Release, help, freedom from it none can give,  
But even he by whom we breathe and live.

*Watch therefore, keep this Gyant out of Door,  
Lest if once in, thou get him out no more.*

## XV.

Fools make a mock at SIN, will not believe,  
It carries such a Dagger in its sleeve;  
How can it be (say they) that such a thing,  
So full of sweetness, should e'er wear a sting :  
They know not that it is the very SPELL  
Of SIN, to make Men laugh themselves to Hell.

*Look to thy self then, deal with SIN no more,  
Lest he that saves, against thee shuts the Door.*

## XVI.

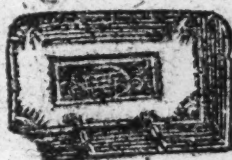
Now let the God that is above,  
That hath for Sinners so much Love ;  
These Lines so help thee to improve,  
That he to him thy Heart may move.

Keep thee from outward Enemies,  
Help the Internal to despise,  
Deliver thee from them Infernal,  
And bring thee safe to Life Eternal. **AMEN.**

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